

NEWPORT MERCURY.

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NEWPORT, R. I., NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1765, and is now in its one hundred and forty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. It is the most popular newspaper in the country, and in other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specified copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

G. A. R. Visitation.

Thursday evening Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., received an official visitation from the Department Commander and Staff. There was a large gathering of veterans present. Post Commander William H. Durfee presided, and addresses were made by most every one present. Among the speakers were Department Commander Gen. L. Greene, Senior Vice Department Commander Wilcox, Junior Vice Department Commander Miller, Superintendent of Schools H. W. Lull, Ex-Mayors Franklin, and Boyle, Past Commander Captain Scott, Past Commander Langley, Past Commander Clarke, Surgeon J. H. Chappelle, Colonel John Rogers, Associate Captain Tanner, Comrade Corcoran, of Providence; Comrade P. C. Delano and Senior Vice Commander Reagan, Comrade M. W. Hall, Associate Boldt, of the Spanish War Veterans. Refreshments were served.

The case of Mrs. Amanda F. Kauli, of this city, against the Old Colony Street Railway Company was heard in the United States Court in Providence on Friday. This was a case to recover for injuries alleged to have been received in the collision of a work car with a passenger car on the Newport & Fall River Street Railway some months ago. A large number of witnesses went up from Newport to testify at the trial.

Mr. Charles Griswold Spencer, son of the late Lorillard and the late Sarah Griswold Spencer, died in Paris on Saturday last very suddenly. He was a native of New York, but received his education in England. Mr. Spencer was for many years a student in the art schools and spent considerable time in travelling. He was unmarried and about fifty years of age. He was a brother of Mr. Lorillard Spencer.

Mr. Alexis M. Slocum, a former Newporter, died at his home in Providence on Wednesday, having been in poor health for some time. He was a carpenter by trade, removing from here a number of years ago to Wakefield and later Providence. Mr. Slocum was one of the original members of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. His wife died a few years ago.

In the District Court on Friday the cases against Jeremiah Allen, charged with assault on Edgar H. Willis and W. Talbot Dodge, occupied the most of the day. There were Block Island cases and there were many Block Islanders in attendance as witnesses or interested spectators.

The tax books of the towns of Middletown and Portsmouth have recently been printed at the MERCURY Office, and copies have been left here for the accommodation of parties interested in the affairs of these two towns.

Rear Admiral French E. Chadwick has been entertaining Hon. Henry White, American Ambassador to Italy, the past week. Mr. White accompanied Senator Wetmore to Providence on Thursday.

Mrs. Philip Laforge, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital, has returned to her home, the "Laforge Cottage," and is slowly improving.

Mr. Frederick H. Prince was injured recently while riding to the hounds at Wrentham, Mass. He is a son-in-law of Mrs. George H. Norman.

The big guns at the various new batteries in this vicinity have been tested this week by the men at Fort Adams and Fort Greble.

Rev. E. de S. Juny, curate of St. John's Church, will preach at the annual Thanksgiving service at Trinity Church.

A Host of Candidates.

The List of Nominations for Officers under the New City Charter has been Completed.

All the nominations for the new city government to be elected on December 4 have now been made, last Thursday being the last day for filing papers. There is a host of names from which the voters can make their selection, especially on the representative council. Only taxpayers can vote for members of the board of aldermen and representative council, so all that there is for registry—voters is mayor and school committee.

The full list of nominations is as follows:

MAYOR.

Robert C. Cottrell, William P. Clarke.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

First Ward.

Robert P. Hamilton, Hanson B. Kingman.

Second Ward.

Peter King, William Shepley.

Third Ward.

Patrick J. Boyle, John C. Burke.

Fourth Ward.

William F. Adams, James B. Cottrell, John E. Leddy, Dennis Shanahan.

Fifth Ward.

Delaney Kane, Michael F. Kelly, Joseph Kennedy, John Mathan.

(Taxpayers are entitled to vote for five aldermen, one from each ward.)

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Robert C. Bacheller, John J. Butler, Thomas B. Connolly, William J. Cozzens, William R. Harvey, Louis H. Hnatowski, Alexander Maciver, Thomas P. Peckham, George D. Ramsey, James P. Taylor.

Total nominations, 10. All voters are entitled to vote for four.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

First Ward.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Thomas C. Albro, Jr., George W. Bacheller, Jr., William P. Carr, Philip H. Caswell, John M. Freud, Arthur L. Gilman, Frank P. Gladding, Albert G. Gross, William A. Hanley, Aristedt Hurler, Robert Kerr, James O. King, Edward N. Lutwot, Fletcher W. Luton, George H. Lovejoy, John H. Marks, Joseph G. Parmenter, Willard L. Pike, Lewis H. Raymond, Michael F. Shea, Henry St. Clair, Benjamin H. Stevens, Jr., William J. H. Stewart, Horatio R. Storer, William H. Tibbets.

Total of 25. To be elected, 18.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Isaac W. Barker, Seth W. M. Battelle, Samuel N. Booth, Jr., J. Harry Brown, William Brightman, Bartholomew Fogarty, E. U. Gladding, Felix E. Hackett, Harry O. Harvey, O. W. Huntington, James J. Jestings, William H. King, Nicholas King, Jr., William J. Ladymon, Thomas Lucas, William T. Luth, Joseph I. Martine, William H. Mathews, Thomas Moon, Elmer E. Nickerson, Thomas Preese, Edward L. Spencer, C. A. Stebbins, John W. W. Schwartz, Edward P. Therien, Thomas Twigg, Charles F. Williams.

Total of 27. To be elected, 18.

FOR ONE YEAR.

Albert W. Amey, Jacob Anderson, Henry C. Bacheller, Arendt Brandt, Frederick J. Benszel, William E. Burke, Henry C. Bush, Francis A. Cochran, Robert W. Danahy, William P. Fitzmarie, Thomas C. Freeborn, William H. Gilman, William Hamilton, Jr., Rowland S. Langley, Frank Morgan, William P. Nightingale, John Parker, Frank W. Pearson, George A. Peckham, John W. F. Powers, Herman C. Richter, Henry G. Riley, Alva E. Rose, Edwin J. Saulpaugh, Fred W. Winsor.

Total of 26. To be elected, 18.

Second Ward.

FOR THREE YEARS.

J. Frank Albro, Thomas Aylsworth, J. Aiton Barker, Clark Burdick, Robert S. Burlingame, Thomas B. Congdon, Joseph P. Cotton, Thomas J. Gibson, William S. Greene, Edward Griffith, Horace N. Hassard, Frank H. Heffernan, William H. Langley, George O. Lovingood, Duncan McLean, Angus McLeod, Andrew K. McNaughton, Thomas N. Norman, Thomas P. Peckham, Gardner S. Perry, Edward O. Riggs, George W. Ritchie, S. S. Thompson, Peter A. Walsh.

Total of 24. To be elected, 18.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Daniel A. Bowman, James Bremner, Stephen J. Buckley, James S. Cowles, David Davis, Michael J. Durnan, Richard Gardner, James Graham, John P. Hammond, Henry A. Kalkman, Dennis B. Henry, Thomas Lyons, Dennis W. Maher, Edward J. O'Neill, John Pendergast, C. Oscar Schultz, Daniel S. Shea, James M. Sullivan, Lawrence P. Sullivan, Hamilton F. Webster, Edward Wilson.

Total of 21. To be elected, 18.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Benjamin M. Anthony, John Booth, George E. Brown, Daniel J. Buckley, John J. Casydes, James J. Connell, Lawrence F. Ebbitt, Walter F. Fisher, William Farnsworth, John T. Johnson, Patrick J. Keeley, Jeremiah Lehane, Patrick J. Lyons, William J. Lynch, James J. Martin, M. F. Martin, A. Livingston Mason, James McEllib, Patrick Morris, Edward S. Rawson, Thomas Ryan, William J. Shea, M. J. Sullivan, Ernest Voigt.

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Total of 21. To be elected, 18.

Third Ward.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Christopher F. Barker, Ralph R. Barker, Charles A. Brackett, Theodore Bigelow, Thomas Burlingham, William P. Buffum, Arthur B. Edmunds, Henry W. Gillette, Sidney S. Graham, Fred M. Haworth, Frank J. Hughes, Jacob A. Jacobs, Charles E. Lawton, Frederick P. Lee, Stephen B. Luce, Eugene Schreier, Edward A. Sherman, George S. Slocum, John H. Sweet, Jr., George E. Vernon, George A. Weaver, Clarence H. Wellington, Total, 22. To be elected, 18.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Henry Biesel, George A. Brown, George W. Callahan, William Champion, J. Powell Cozzens, Henry F. Eldridge, Fred G. Farmer, Joseph Haire, Bernard A. Helgeson, George P. Lawton, Max Levy, William O. Milne, Frederick H. Paige, Theophilus T. Pitman, Marco A. Russo, Lewis Rutter, Michael H. Sullivan, William H. Tobin, William J. Watch.

Total of 19. To be elected, 18.

FOR ONE YEAR.

William Andrews, Jr., F. DeM. Bertram, Henry B. Bull, Jr., J. Henry Cremin, William S. De Consey, Henry Ercoyd, Alexander Fudder, William B. Franklin, Frederick P. Garretson, Alonzo A. Knowe, Simon Koschut, John C. Seabury, William P. Sheffield, Jr., Jeremiah K. Sullivan, Fred E. Williams.

Total of 15. To be elected, 18.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Joseph Barrett, Bruce Butterton, Stephen S. Carr, William H. Chadwick, William H. Clarke, Albert Commette, Daniel E. Doherty, John B. Dowd, Goodwin Hobbs, George Gordon King, John A. Lawton, Prentiss Lawrence, William F. Leinen, Louis L. Lorillard, John O'Brien, Edward W. Openshaw, Thomas H. Reagan, Daniel F. Shea, William H. Sherman, Mortimer D. Sullivan, Patrick Sullivan, Thomas J. Williams, William H. Young.

Total of 24. To be elected, 18.

HAVING A GOOD CRY

By DONALD ALLEN

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grasped by both arms and being buried along. She had been boosted over a fence and hustled through a thistle patch before she could gather her wits. Then she began to struggle and protest. It was useless to struggle, and the men and boys laughed at her protestations. When fright made her weak and she sank down one of the men took her up and kept business moving. Before reaching the station and the train they were met by one of the guards. The girl revolved sufficiently to protest anew, but he answered her:

"Of course she's one of 'em, and a cute wench she is! This is the third time in two years she has escaped us. Bring her along."

Miss Viola was in a distressful condition when the station was at length reached. Her captors were met by shouting men and barking dogs; and wails and screams from the two carloads of lunatics, and just then an auto came whooping up and had to pause for the crowd to clear the street. It is useless to conceal the fact that it was driven by Arthur Tyson.

"What's the matter?" he asked of an excited farmer as the machine came to a halt.

"More fun than I've seen in twenty years," was the answer. "Those two ears are full of crazy folks. About a dozen got away, and we've been chasing 'em down. They've just got the last one."

Arthur stood up to look over the crowd. A woman had apparently fainted away, and two or three men were about to pick her up and carry her across to the train. As her shoulders were lifted up he caught sight of her face, and next instant things were happening again.

He sprang down into the crowd, elbowed men and kicked dogs right and left, and in a moment was beside the woman. The woman's hair was down and her face covered with dust and grime and her dress torn from neck to shoulder, but love makes no mistakes in such matters.

The young man had knocked down two men and had the girl on his arm before he asked for explanations. Before they were tendered he had to lay his burden down and perform further pugilistic feats, but in due time the guards, the farmers, the farmers' boys and the farmers' dogs admitted that a mistake had been made.

When the auto resumed its journey the girl was a passenger. She had come to and realized that she was not being taken off to an insane asylum.

It was some hours later, when the harvest moon was shining and the whippoorwills were singing, that she told her story, and, though her aunt was sitting right beside her and holding her hand and calling her "poor dear," the story had only been finished when Arthur Tyson leaned forward and kissed her and said that he proposed to see from that time on that she had the legal and moral right to weep in any grove she wanted to without being hustled around the country as an escaped lunatic. The proposal hadn't come in just the romantic form expected, but Miss Viola was a girl of sense and realized that when exigencies arise the machinery of romance may be thrown out of gear.

A Long Time.

In the service of a certain committee of the senate, the chairman of which is a southern senator, is a certain capable young stenographer and typewriter, in addition to the clerk of the committee. One day the chairman, missing the very capable stenographer, inquired of the clerk where he was.

"He is not here today, sir," responded the clerk. "His father is dead."

Some days later the chairman again asked for the missing employee, only to receive the same reply from the clerk:

"He is not here today, sir. His father is dead."

The chairman said nothing, but looked very interested. A full week thereafter the head of the committee for the third time inquired as to the whereabouts of the stenographer. In reply the clerk began the usual announcement:

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"He is not here today, sir. His father is dead."

The chairman said nothing, but looked very interested. A full week thereafter the head of the committee for the third time inquired as to the whereabouts of the stenographer. In reply the clerk began the usual announcement:

FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment, if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

We are so absolutely certain of the curative powers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, that we will send you a trial bottle, absolutely free, by mail, if you will write to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Dr. David Kennedy's Golden Plaster strengthens the Nerves, removes pain anywhere. 15¢ each.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

NEWPORT

Transfer Express Co.

TRUCKERS

—AND—

General Forwarders

Heavy Trucking & Specialty.

Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting. Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours. PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 50 Bellevue Avenue. BRANCH OFFICES, 122 Thames Street and New York Freight Depot. Telephone 71-2.

Plants That Take Pills.

A very large and sturdy orange tree was growing in a small pot. "If that tree," said the florist, "didn't take pills it would require a pot as big as a bathtub to grow in. But it takes pills like a hypochondriac. Chemists, agricultural experts, make plant pills—pills no bigger than chestnuts that contain sustenance for six months, kind of tabloid food. These chemists analyze a plant's ash and make pills of the constituent salts. The pills, enclosed in a metal cover, are buried in the earth at the plant's roots, and the salts gradually dissolve and diffuse through the metal, giving the plants day by day the sustenance that they require. Pills are also applied to weak, sickly plants, which they help wonderfully."

Checking a Cold.

One of the best and simplest means of checking a cold at its onset is to drink in bed a glass of hot, not warm, water in which have been placed the juice of a lemon, three or four lumps of sugar and a large teaspoonful of pure glycerin. This dose should be sipped as hot as possible after the patient is in bed. Taken thus it will probably induce a flow of perspiration which will throw off the cold. The simplicity of this remedy is only equalled by its great efficiency. As with other remedies, its chance of working a complete cure is increased applied at the beginning of the complaint.

An Odd Ceremony.

Colchester is England's great oyster fishery, and so much of the wealth and fame of the place is derived from the industry that the season is opened with much ceremony. "The city fathers sail to the fishing ground, and the mayor formally assists in raising the first dredge of oysters. Afterward, in fulfillment of an ancient custom, there is a luncheon, at which the distinctive luxury is gingerbread washed down with raw gin, a combination which, a London paper assures, will fix the event in memory for several days."

His Specialty.

A little boy was on his knees recently at night, and auntie, staying in the house, was present. "It is a pleasure," she said to him afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak earnestly and seriously and mean what you say and care about it."

"Ah," he answered, "ah, but, auntie, you should hear me garge!"

His Excuse.

A—I say, old man, do me a favor and lend me \$5. B.—Sorry, but it's quite impossible. A.—Impossible? And you are such a wealthy man? B.—I know, but I can't part with my money. It is a keepsake from my father.—Salon-Witzblatt of Vienna.

Low and Loud.

He—A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor. She—Yes—and raises her voice if she does not get it—Illustrated Bits.

MAN AND HIS BELIEFS.

The Seven Great Religious Bodies of the World.

The population of the earth at the death of the Emperor Augustus was estimated at 50,000,000. Today it is calculated that this globe has a population of 1,603,150,000. Out of this vast number of more than a billion and a half of human beings it is asserted that all but an infinitesimal fraction of 1 per cent believe in and worship in some degree a supreme ruler of the universe.

There are seven great religions in the world. The Christian religion has the greatest number of adherents, 563,000,000. Of this number 250,000,000 are Catholics and 213,000,000 Protestants. These two great divisions are subdivided into innumerable sects differing from one another on some point of dogma or church government. Next in importance comes the worship of ancestors and Confucianism, whose followers are 283,000,000 in number. This belief is confined almost exclusively to the Chinese and Japanese. In India there are 223,000,000 Brahmins. This form of religion has decreased somewhat during recent years, owing perhaps to the continual ravages of plague and famine in that country. But it still holds the third place among the seven great religions. Brahmanism is hard pressed, however, by the faith of Islam. There are 222,000,000 of these followers of the doctrines of Mohammed. The fifth on the list are the Polytheists, the believers in many gods, who number 130,000,000. The devotees of Buddha come next, 107,000,000 strong. These, too, have their stronghold in India. The smallest of the seven great religions of the world is Taoism, with 44,000,000 adherents in the Chinese empire and in Tibet.

The next greatest religion, in point of numbers, to Taoism is the belief of Japan, Shintoism. This has but 18,000,000 believers. The Jewish faith now counts but half that number of adherents. But, unlike the other great religions, the followers of the teachings of Moses are not centered in any particular country, but are scattered all about the world. Compared with the foregoing, the religions of the Parsees, while one of the most beautiful theorectically, has about the smallest following of any distinct belief in the world, 150,000. This sect has its home in India and is best known to the outside world by its curious burial customs, the famed "towers of silence."—Exchange.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You haven't as long to live as you used to have.

Some people are so agreeable that they are disagreeable.

Heroism is generally a foolish act with a successful termination.

Some people not only insist upon giving advice, but asking questions at the same time.

When a married woman hears about women who are working on salaries she is liable to say, "Well, I earn all I get."

The surest way to tame a man is to take his money away from him. When a man has no money even a woman can run over him.

People talk of nursing their wrath as if they are bloodthirsty for revenge, but leave an angry man alone and in two days he will have forgotten what he got angry about.—Atchison Globe.

No Cure for Insomnia.

A sufferer from insomnia may work hard at physical and mental labor, yet the night cometh when no man can work. The insomniac, utterly fatigued, falls into a slumber—not a sound, refreshing, dreamless slumber, but a coma, lethargy, a torpor, born of fatigue. In a few hours the demon says "Awake!" and the insomniac starts instantly into waking, with bright, staring, winking, sleepless eyes. Is there no cure? None. Insomnia comes with age. You cannot cure your years. You used to sleep yesterday when you were young. "Not poppy nor mandragora nor all the drowsy syrups of the world can medicine thee that sweet sleep which yesterdead thou hadst!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

East and West.

The chief distinction between the genius of the eastern civilization and that of the west, according to an oriental, lies in this: With you the individual is the hub of the universe—even clarity begins at home with you; while with us of the east it is the whole, the state, not the individual, that we emphasize. An individual is nothing; the state, the whole, is everything. We sacrifice thousands of individuals, we sacrifice our children and our wives upon the altar of national honor, without hesitation, with out regret.—Forum.

Hi! Deep Grief.

Visitor—I do hope that poor Jack, your brother, does notrieve too much at my having broken our engagement. I feel sure he must be very unhappy. What did he say, dear? The Sister—Oh, he said what a jucky thing it was you broke it off this week instead of next, as it saved him from having to buy you a birthday present!

By the Pound.

Little Elsie—Mamma, how much do people pay a pound for babies? Mamma—Babies are not sold by the pound, my dear. Little Elsie—Then why do they always weigh them as soon as they are born?—St. Louis Post-Democrat.

Duststorms That Bury Forests.

Travelers in Tibet describe the wonderful storms of dust that occur in Kashgar, near the foot of the Kuen-lun mountains. The dust in the air is sometimes so dense that complete darkness prevails. Occasionally rain falls during such a storm, but the raindrops evaporate during their descent, and the dust carried with them falls in lumps. Entire forests of poplar trees are buried in dust hillocks forty feet high. These deposits of dust are afterward moved on by the wind, but the trees that have been buried die, even after their disinterment.

Low and Loud. He—A woman, I notice, always lowers her voice to ask a favor. She—Yes—and raises her voice if she does not get it—Illustrated Bits.

ASTRONOMY FOR LANDSMEN.

How a Watch or Clock May Be Regulated by Observing a Star.

When some investigator makes the "discovery" that the points of the compass can be approximately determined by looking at the sun and using a watch to show the divisions of the plane it is apt to go the rounds of the press as something very peculiar. If this discoverer were sufficiently conversant with the principles of navigation to note for the public benefit that the running of a watch or clock may be regulated by observing a star he might confer some practical benefit. This is a very simple thing to do and might be of great use in a country place where accurate time is not always obtainable, but all that is necessary is a fixed location on the earth's surface and any old thing in the way of a timepiece.

Choose a south window front which may offer a fixed point comparatively near and high, such as a chimney, side of a building, etc., may be seen. To the side of a window stand a piece of card having a small hole in it, so that by looking through the hole with one eye toward the edge of the elevated object some fixed star may be seen.

Watch the progress of the star, and the instant it vanishes behind the fixed point the observer must note the exact time it disappears. Watch the same star the following night, and it will vanish behind the same object just three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If the timepiece marks 9 o'clock when the star disappears one night it should indicate three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than 9 the following night. If several cloudy nights occur together, follow the first observation and deduct the product from clock time to find the time the star will pass.

Of course the same star can only be observed during a few weeks, for, as it gains nearly an hour in a fortnight, it will in a short time come to the meridian in broad daylight and become invisible. To make sure the observer is watching a star instead of a planet, he should notice that stars twinkle, whereas planets give steady light because reflected, and, if he wishes further assurance, he may observe that all fixed stars appear to maintain the same relative positions with regard to each other, most noticeable with the different stars in the constellations, whereas a planet changes its place with regard to the other stars. This method of verifying time is easier and more reliable than the shadow on a sundial. In the famous observatory at Greenwich, England, from which longitude is counted, the clock by which chronometers are set is regulated in just about this manner, but over 200 of the fixed stars are observed. The observations are taken with a telescope, across the center of which is the line of a spider's web to mark the meridian.—Marine Journal.

The English Longbow.

The range and power of the English longbow in its palmy days were extraordinary, notes a writer in Chambers' Journal. We have seen and handled one of these bows, said to have been used at Flodden. It measured six feet unstrung and the arrow three feet. The pull must have been quite 100 pounds. To draw the cloth yard shaft on such a bow would probably defy the powers of even an exceptionally strong man nowadays. But good Bishop Latimer in his well known eulogy of English archery has shown us how from their boyhood Englishmen were scientifically trained in the use of the bow till, like Justice Shallow's hero, old Double, they could "clap in the clout at twelvescore yards." Up to what distance the old longbow was really effective is question not easy to answer, but from the data we possess it may safely be assumed that against anything but armor of proof the cloth yard shaft was deadly up to 200 yards, while for combined rapidity and efficiency in shooting no weapon could compare with the longbow till the introduction of the breechloader.

Fellow Strugglers.

There were some things which the woman who had lived for twenty years in a beautiful but lonely spot within sight of the White mountains had borne just as long as she could, and she did not care who knew it.

"What a rest it must be to you at the end of the day's work to look at those great calm hills standing there in the waning light," said an enthusiastic traveler who had stopped for a glass of water.

The inhabitant of Ridge Hill farm looked at her visitor with a hint of scorn in her face, although her tone was good natured enough. "I've looked at them hills just as many times as I'm ever going to when I'm tired," she said slowly. "I save 'em now for Sundays when I'm some rested up. When I'm mad and tired and ache all over I go out back and look at my tomato vines and potatoes. They've both got things to contend with here, same as I have. That's what soothes me more'n any hills."

A Bird That Shaves.

Man is not the only living creature that shaves. The bonmot, a South American bird, takes a dry shave regularly. The bonmot has long blue tail feathers. Each quill is adorned from base to tip with soft blue down. This arrangement the bird dislikes. Therefore with its sharp beak it nips the quills bare from the base out to about an inch from the tip, where it maintains a neat oval of soft blue whisker. Such action seems silly on the bonmot's part to certain philosophers, though it seems no sillier than man's action in regularly scraping bare his cheeks and chin, while he maintains on his upper lip an oval of soft hair not unlike the bonmot's tail oval.

A number of telephone lines are conferring a practical favor on their rural patrons by sending out at a certain hour of the day weather forecasts furnished by the nearest federal station for the ensuing twenty-four hours. The instances are numerous where the information so furnished is made practical use of in the line of planning the work of the farm.

STARTLED BY A BIRD.

The Owl That Jarred the Washington Monument.

In one of the many glass cases in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a stuffed owl. This particular owl is the one, in the words of the late President Hayes, "that jarred the Washington monument," and therein lies the story.

During Centennial year congress resolved to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the monument, which up to that time had been worked at only while the several smaller appropriations lasted. It was discovered, however, that the original foundation was likely to prove incapable of supporting the enormous weight of marble necessary for carrying the shaft 535 feet above terra firma. A new foundation was therefore needed, and architects thought a solid concrete 100 feet square and nearly four feet thick would do the trick.

Choose a south window front which may offer a fixed point comparatively near and high, such as a chimney, side of a building, etc., may be seen. To the side of a window stand a piece of card having a small hole in it, so that by looking through the hole with one eye toward the edge of the elevated object some fixed star may be seen.

Watch the progress of the star, and the instant it vanishes behind the fixed point the observer must note the exact time it disappears. Watch the same star the following night, and it will vanish behind the same object just three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If the timepiece marks 9 o'clock when the star disappears one night it should indicate three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than 9 the following night. If several cloudy nights occur together, follow the first observation and deduct the product from clock time to find the time the star will pass.

One morning a few months after these careful precautions had been taken there was a great commotion among the workmen. A complete record of numerous perturbations and tremblings had been written on the index, showing conclusively that the mammoth obelisk had jarred, swayed and settled during the night. Scientific heads were doubtlessly shaken. After much persuasion one of the men finally consented to go to the top and examine into the cause. The astonishing report came into the midst of the anxious throng below that an owl in seeking shelter in the lofty tower had somehow managed to catch its wings in the thread and was still hanging there, suspended to the interior of the monument, and the innumerable capping and struggles of his owlship had all been recorded by the index as testimony against the stability of plumb laid marble blocks and solid concrete.

Sport in Medieval English Schools.

Probably the oldest English schools were the London schools described by Fitzstephen, who wrote in 1174. He gives interesting details of the lighter moments of school time. We hear of scholars who on certain privileged occasions attacked their schoolmasters "in epigrams or other compositions in numbers," using "all that low ribaldry we read of in the ancients," though one is glad to hear, "without mentioning names." In addition to these elegant exercises, they had the more robust sports of their time. On Shrove Tuesday each boy brought his fighting cock to school, and they had cockfights all the morning in the schoolroom and after dinner played football in the fields of the suburbs. Every Sunday in Lent there was a sham fight, some of the boys being mounted, the rest on foot. At Easter they played at the water quintain, while on summer holidays they practiced at archery, leaping, wrestling and stone throwing and in winter sled, skated and went to hull baits and hog fights. No doubt the London schools had their severer side, and the life was not quite such a round of dissipation as it reads.—London Tablet.

Two Mohammedans.

Here is a tale from O'Donovan's "Merv" illustrating the bitterness of feeling between the various sects of the followers of Mohammed: O'Donovan had offered his Mohammedan attendant, who happened to be a Shiite, some of his cold chicken, which the man took at first and chewed ruminantly. Suddenly, however, he spat the mouthful out, exclaiming, "Who cooked this?" since it is a sin for a Moslem to eat food cooked by an infidel. "Oh, it's all right," replied O'Donovan. "It was cooked by your coreligionists down there," pointing to the Shiites furiously. "By those infernal Shiites? I shouldn't have minded much if it had been cooked by you or any other Moslem, but by a Shiite!" And he spat again in his disgust. "But what is the difference between Shiites and Sunnis? Aren't both Moslems?" "What is the difference between us? Don't you know that when a Shiite washes his hand he lets the water drip from the wrist, but when these Sunnis wash their hands they let the water drip from the elbow?"

Brewster Was a Dandy.

Benjamin Harris Brewster, one time attorney general, was a most unique character. According to his idea, he was always faultlessly attired, and his makeup once seen would never be forgotten. He usually wore a bell shaped white silk high hat with long whiskers on it, a plaited and frilled white shirt front, with a high standing collar, cardinal necktie or scarf, buff waistcoat, maroon colored Prince Albert coat with gold buttons, yellow trousers, patent leather shoes and soft frilled cuffs, which matched his shirt front, around his wrists. On the thumb of his left hand was an amethyst ring encrusted with perfectly matched diamonds and a bunch of old fashioned seals in heavy gold settings dangled from his watch fob. This was his usual makeup when he attended to business at his office, which was in the old Freedmen's bank building, opposite the treasury department, or visited the United States supreme court to participate in cases which concerned

FELLOW CITIZENS

President Roosevelt's Salute to the People of Porto Rico

CITIZENSHIP IS PROMISED

Chief Executive Will Make Personal Effort to Hasten Its Accomplishment--Islanders Greet Him With Great Enthusiasm

San Juan, P. R., Nov. 22.—President Roosevelt yesterday journeyed in an automobile over the famous military road from Ponce to San Juan and was accorded an ovation by the people of Porto Rico. The 80-mile trip was made in 6½ hours, counting the time taken up by stops at the principal towns along the route where the president made short speeches to the people.

When the greetings were over upon his landing at Ponce, the president was driven to the city hall in an automobile. The president was kept busy acknowledging cheers all along the two-mile line of march from the landing place to the principal plaza of the town. At the entrance to the plaza a huge crowd had been gathered from which little girls threw flowers to both the president and Mrs. Roosevelt as they passed. Ponce was in gaiety, all the American colors being interspersed with Spanish flags.

At the city hall an address of welcome was read to the president. He delivered his reply from the balcony of the building addressing the largest crowd that had ever assembled in Ponce. The president said in part:

"I shall continue to use every effort to secure citizenship for Porto Rico. I am confident this will come in the end and all that I can personally do to hasten that day I will do. My chief will be necessary to help you along the path of true progress, which must have for its basis a union of order, liberty, justice and honor."

In conclusion the president said: "Salute you from my heart as fellow citizens."

The reference to the citizenship of the islanders brought out enthusiastic applause from the people.

The presidential party left Ponce at 10:30, the time set by the schedule, for the run to San Juan over the famous military road. It took 11 automobiles to convey the entire party. Stops of three minutes each were made at Juana Diaz, Coamo and Aibonito. At each place the president was welcomed by the local mayor and spoke briefly from his automobile. His remarks were practically the same as the speech in Ponce.

At Cayey luncheon was served in the barracks by the officers of the Porto Rico provisional regiment. He received a remarkable reception at Caguas, the most important town on the military road. Here he spoke at length, repeating his previously expressed views as to Porto Rico citizenship.

Passing through Caguas and the Cayey tobacco district, where American capital has worked a wonderful development, the president was greatly impressed with the fertility and flourishing condition of the plantations. Between towns along the military road scattering crowds eagerly awaited the chance of a fleeting glimpse of the president. They came from the outlying plantations, many walking from the mountain districts, miles away; poons, women, children, beggars, cripples—all came to pay tribute.

At Rio Piedras, the last town before reaching San Juan, President Roosevelt received an enthusiastic welcome from the schoolchildren and the pupils and teachers of the Porto Rico normal school. To them he spoke facetiously about college life and outdoor sports. From Rio Piedras to San Turco, a distance of seven miles, along both sides of the roadway were immense crowds, which cheered the president.

Through San Turco, a suburb of San Juan, where there is a large American colony, the balconies and roofs of houses and the sides of the road were crowded with enthusiastic throngs, through which the automobile moved slowly. The president was kept busy acknowledging the greetings of the Americans.

Arriving at the original entrance of the city of San Juan Mayor Todd and the city officials extended their welcome to the president. He responded in a brief speech and was then escorted to the governor's palace.

The city was elaborately decorated, every American flag available being used to the best advantage. Fort Elizal street, which is narrow, was congested with an enormous crowd, as likewise were the house-tops, balconies, windows and every point of vantage. President Roosevelt was in a happy mood and bowed and waved his hands to the cheering throngs. The president complimented Chief of Police Hamil for the perfect police arrangement. He was much impressed with his reception by the people.

May Squalor on Smugglers

Providence, Nov. 23.—John C. Lehmann, under indictment in the Chinese smuggling schooner *Erie* case, is believed to be on the verge of squealing on the chief conspirators. Lehmann is becoming restive in prison, where he is held in default of \$2000 bail, and says: "I don't see why I should be deprived of my liberty. There is quite a bunch of men involved in this smuggling scheme, and not one has tried to bail me out. They'd better get busy, or everything will come out, and that mighty soon."

Minister's Daughter Elopement

Medford, Mass., Nov. 23.—Cupid's arrow, which almost a score of years ago brought Rev. W. W. Downs, then pastor of the Bowdoin Square Baptist church, Boston, into the limelight, when one of his parishioners sued him as the corespondent, again makes him prominent, for yesterday his daughter, Edith, eloped to Providence and married Charles C. Robinson, a Medford man.

FOR FULL DEMAND

No Compromise Acceptable to Fall River Operatives.

WANT 10 PERCENT RAISE

Five Unions Vote to Strike Next Monday Unless Manufacturers Yield--Would Throw 25,000 Operatives Out of Work

Fall River, Mass., Nov. 23.—The five unions of operators, at special meetings last night, voted by large majorities to reject the offer of a 5 percent advance in wages and to go out on strike next Monday morning unless the full demand for a 10 percent increase is granted before that time.

Mayor Conchetti is endeavoring to arrange a conference between the manufacturers and the representatives of the Textile Council in order to prevent a repetition of the business paralysis which occurred in 1904-05, when the mills were idle for nearly six months. There is a feeling in business circles that even if a strike occurs on Monday that it will be of short duration, as it is held that the manufacturers are not in a position to permit their mills to be closed for any great length of time in view of the prosperous condition of the industry.

Should a strike go into effect on Monday about 25,000 operatives would be thrown out of work, and more than 30 corporations, operating 75 cloth mills, would be affected.

There was very little discussion at any of the meetings last night. After the meetings had been called to order the secretaries read the call and the correspondence which had passed between the Textile Council and the Manufacturers' association. Within a few minutes a vote was reached.

The Weavers' union, by a vote of 426 to 32, declared against accepting an advance of 5 percent and in favor of a strike should the full amount not be granted. The slasher tenders took the same position by a vote of 70 to 3. The carders by 74 to 10, the loom-fixers by 279 to 12, and the spinners by 127 to 14.

President Tansey of the Textile Council said: "I hope the manufacturers will see the wisdom of changing their attitude. There seems to be no power on earth to stop these people from striking unless wages are advanced 10 percent."

Secretary Taylor said: "The operators had apparently made up their minds before they entered the meetings. There was almost no discussion, and unless the manufacturers recede from their position, the looms will be idle next week."

The demand for a 10 percent advance was made about three weeks ago. The Textile Council set forth in its request that, in view of the prosperous condition of the textile industry, wages should be restored to the schedule paid previous to the reductions which were begun in 1903 and which amounted to 2½ percent. Last spring a partial restoration was made, bringing the price of weaving standard 28-inch, 63x34 print cloths to 19.80 cents per yard. The price paid in 1902 was 21.78, the amount now asked for.

New Bedford Manufacturers Hesitate

New Bedford, Mass., Nov. 23.—The New Bedford cotton manufacturers have not yet sent an answer to a demand for a 10 percent advance in wages made by the Textile Council last week. It is thought that no decision will be reached by the mill owners until the Fall River situation is cleared up.

Will Not Be Deaf to "Call"

Buffalo, Nov. 20.—Chairman Conner of the Democratic state committee, in an interview, said: "The interview with Mr. Hearst, sent out from San Antonio, Tex., in which he is quoted as saying 'I will never again be a candidate' means that he will never seek the governorship of New York again. Hearst is, however, a loyal Democrat, and if the party demands his nomination for higher honors he will honor the call."

\$60,000 Fire in Clock Factory

Bristol, Conn., Nov. 21.—Fire gutted the main building of the H. C. Thompson Clock company's plant early this morning, entailing a loss of about \$60,000. How the fire started is unknown. The flames spread so quickly that by the time the fire department reached the scene the interior of the building was almost a solid blaze. Nothing was now standing but the outer shell.

Priest Left Large Fortune

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 19.—The final adjudication of the estate of the late Mgr. Cremin, rector of St. Augustine's Roman Catholic church, shows that the value of the estate appreciated about \$20,000 since the clergyman's death. The estate is now worth, after the payment of all claims, \$377,157.

Portland Gets Supply of Fish

Portland, Me., Nov. 22.—The scarcity of ground fish has been relieved by the arrival of a fleet of nine vessels with a total fare of 123,000 pounds. This is the record trip of the season. The next largest was 102,000 pounds six weeks ago. Since that time there have been only a few small fares.

Public Hanging in Texas

Center, Tex., Nov. 22.—Dick Garrett, a negro, who killed Dr. Paul at Grove town a few days ago, was hanged yesterday afternoon by the sheriff in the presence of an immense crowd. He pleaded guilty at a hearing yesterday morning.

Murder Charge Against Pugilist

Grand Rapids, Mich., Nov. 22.—Harry Lewis, charged with murder as the result of the death of Mike Ward, following their boxing match, was arraigned in the superior court and pleaded not guilty. He was held under \$1000 bonds.

CRAPSEY LOSES

Court of Review Upholds Decision to Suspend Him

A FAMOUS HERESY CASE

Brought to a Conclusion, as No Further Appeal Can Be Taken--Respondent Had Questioned Virgin Birth of Jesus

Buffalo, Nov. 20.—Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, D. D., of St. Andrew's Episcopal church, Rochester, is condemned to suspension from the church as a result of the decision of the Protestant Episcopal court of review just made public.

The court of review sustains the decision of the lower court, and the decision of the lower court was that Crapsey should be suspended for alleged heretical teachings.

Dr. Crapsey, in his sermons and writings, questioned the Virgin birth of Jesus. He also contended that there were fallacies in other beliefs and doctrines forming the foundation of the Protestant Episcopal church.

The decision was delivered to Bishop Walker by Rev. Henry Justice, clerk of the court of review. Accompanying it was a statement from Rt. Rev. John Scarborough, bishop of New Jersey and president of the court of review.

The full context of the decision covers 40 typewritten pages. This document will be delivered to Crapsey at Rochester.

It was stated by Bishop Walker that, contrary to the general belief, there could be no appeal taken from the decision of the court of review. The decision of the trial court, which is affirmed by the highest court of the church, was as follows:

"That the respondent, Dr. Crapsey, be suspended from exercising the functions of a minister of the church until such time as he shall satisfy the ecclesiastical authorities of the diocese that his belief and teaching conform to the doctrine of the apostle's creed and the Nicene creed, as the church hath received the same."

"However, we express the earnest hope and desire that the respondent may see his way clear, during the 30 days which, under the canon of the church, must intervene before sentence can be pronounced, to fully satisfy the ecclesiastical authority of such conformity on his part."

Two Men Killed by Fall

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 21.—Two men killed, a third believed to be dying, another seriously injured and a fifth man cut and bruised was the result of the slipping of a clutch on one side of a staging on which 30 men were working on a new railroad bridge over the Housatonic river, tilting the staging and throwing the five men to the deck of the bridge, 25 feet below. The dead are Paul Daley and Patrick Sculley. Harry Powell's skull is fractured and he may die.

Cubans Cannot Govern Themselves

Havana, Nov. 21.—The sentiment in Cuban industrial and financial circles in favor of the establishment of a strong American protectorate over the island is crystallizing. There are two independent movements for this purpose, the instigators of which are gathering signatures to petition the president, opposing the idea of annexation, and pointing out the inability of the Cubans to direct their own affairs unaided.

No Shortage of Turkeys

Boston, Nov. 21.—Leading poultry dealers of this city deny that there is a shortage of turkeys for Thanksgiving and Christmas, as reported from New York, and state that the supply will be equal to, if not in excess of, that of last year.

Dealers here profess never to have heard of a disease called "black-head," which, the New York report alleged, had caused serious havoc among turkeys in the east.

Two Men Crushed to Death

Medford, Mass., Nov. 22.—While trying to couple two freight cars which were being backed onto a siding at the yards of the New England Brick company, Daniel Camp and George D. Bulard were caught between the cars and crushed to death. Both bodies were badly mutilated. No one saw the accident, but the bodies were found a short time after it happened.

Fire Chief's Ribs Broken

Lowell, Mass., Nov. 19.—While responding to an alarm for an insignt fire, Chief Hosmer of the fire department was thrown from his wagon and had three ribs broken. The accident was the result of Hosmer's effort to avoid running down a woman by swerving his horse suddenly to one side. The woman escaped unhurt.

Probably Fell From Bridge

Danvers, Mass., Nov. 22.—The body of John Hardiman of Peabody, 55 years old, who had been missing from his home since Sunday night, was found embedded in the mud at the bottom of Porter's river in this town. The cause of the man's death is a mystery, but it is supposed that he was drowned by falling from a bridge.

No More Games With Harvard

Philadelphia, Nov. 21.—The University of Pennsylvania's Athletic committee announces that all athletic relations with Harvard have been severed. The stand taken by Pennsylvania was brought about by the action of Harvard in refusing to meet Pennsylvania in football this fall.

Old Offender Gao to Prison

Boston, Nov. 22.—Thomas Prenty was sentenced to the state prison for a term of three years as a result of robbing the cash drawer in a store. Prenty has already served five sentences at Sing Sing and many more in the house of correction. His pal, John Wilson, was sentenced to the house of correction for a term of two years.

MUSTERING OUT NEGROES

Troops Who "Shot Up" Town

Will All Be Dismissed

Washington, Nov. 23.—A dispatch was received at the war department last evening from Major Penru, commanding the Twenty-Fifth infantry at Fort Reno, saying that the order for the discharge of the negro troops under President Roosevelt's original order had been received and was being executed. He said the men were being mustered out at the rate of 25 a day and that the mustering out would be completed by Monday.

Secretary Taft says that he has not considered any action by congress in relation to the discharge of the negro troops who "shot up" Brownsville, Tex., and were dismissed from the service in consequence of their acts. "But there is one thing I have learned that congress can do," he said. "It can investigate. I know that from experience, for congress has investigated everything I have ever had anything to do with."

Planning Blow For Roosevelt

New York, Nov. 23.—Intended as a direct slap in the face aimed at President Roosevelt, a movement was perfected here for making a tour of the country with the three companies of the Twenty-Fifth regiment, now being dishonorably discharged at Fort Reno, Okla. The friends of the negroes, having failed in their efforts to save the men from dishonor in discharge, are now determined to appeal to the sentiment of the country. They claim the action of the president was unwarranted, and they believe the most effective protest will be to keep the men in their company formation and take them on a tour of the country.

Chicago Won't Have Negro Judge

Chicago, Nov. 23.—Ferdinand L. Barnett, a negro, who, according to the police returns, was elected judge of the new municipal court of Chicago on Nov. 6, has been counted out by the canvassing board. The police returns gave Barnett a plurality of 400, but the official count, which was completed yesterday, shows that Thomas B. Lautry, a democrat, was elected by a plurality of 301. Barnett was the only Republican defeated for a city office at the election.

Stumped For Her Father

Minneapolis, Nov. 23.—Because she went on the stump in behalf of her trade-unionist father, William B. Wilson, who was a successful candidate for congress from a Pennsylvania district, Miss Agnes Wilson was called before the convention of the American Federation of Labor and rewarded for her "brave and courageous efforts" with a diamond-studded watch and a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums.

Change in the Vermont Judiciary

Montpelier, Vt., Nov. 22.—A bill reorganizing the judiciary of the state of Vermont was passed by both branches of the legislature and will go at once to the governor for his signature. It provides for a supreme court of four judges and for six county or superior court judges. As at present constituted the supreme court is made up of the superior court judges, of whom there are seven.

Work of the Civic League

Boston, Nov. 23.—The Massachusetts Civic League held its annual meeting in this city. Reports showed that the work planned for the public good had met with some degree of success during the year. The league has sought to restrain billboard advertising, suppress drunkenness, regulate newsboys and encourage the laying out of playgrounds and other town and village betterments. The league was active in support of the new law for medical inspection of the public schools and for the new juvenile court in Boston.

LIMB RAW AS PIECE OF BEEF

Suffered For Three Years With Itching Humor—Doctor Did No Good—Cruiser Newark, U. S. N. Man Cured in Three Weeks.

SPEEDY CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I suffered with humor for about three years, off and on. I finally saw a doctor and he gave me remedies that did me no good, so I tried Cuticura when my limb below the knee was as raw as a piece of beef. All I used was the Cuticura Soap and the Ointment. I bathed with the Soap every day and used about six or seven boxes of Ointment. I was thoroughly cured of the humor in three weeks and haven't been affected with it since. I use no other Soap than Cuticura now. I remain, yours respectfully, H. J. Myers, U. S. N., Newark, New York, July 8, 1905.

"P. S. Publish if you wish."

CUTICURA GROWS HAIR

Crusted Scalps Cleansed and Purified by Cuticura Soap

Assisted by light dressings of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This treatment at once stops falling hair, removes crusts, scales, and dandruff, destroys hair parasites, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, loosens the scalp skin, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow upon a sweet,

The Rejuvenation of Chilton Forester

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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Olivia Forester descended from her auto and looked about her helplessly. As far as she could see the road stretched away dusty and desolate. It was the haying season. Farmers were busy with their crops and passersby were few. Olivia's car stood half in and half out of the wayside ditch, and it was beyond her power to move it. There was nothing to be done but wait. If deliverance in any guise approached she could readily signal it, for she stood on the crest of a hill.

Below her the countryside lay like a green map. The clear air mocked distance and brought things wonderfully near—the cluster of houses that formed Oakdale village, beyond these the gray gables of her own home and still further away the shining roof of Willoughby manor.

It was at the latter that she looked with the most interest, for the Forester-Willoughby feud, beginning about a half line, had continued for two generations. The elder Willoughby had died, but Broughton Willoughby had returned from college and the manor was reopened.

The villagers, who took a lively interest in the two families, declared him to be a fine, sensible young man, nor was Olivia a whit less popular. People liked to wait for her smile and nod as she galloped past. Recently her motor had taken the place of her horse, a course of which her father heartily disapproved, for he hated modern innovations.

His role of hostile neighbor was only one of many idiosyncrasies. Trains filled him with a horror unspeakable. It was his boast that he had never ridden in a sleeper. He loathed the bustle of a city life and clung tenaciously to his New England homestead, whose inaccessibility rendered it doubly dear to him. Olivia often teased him by saying she was sure he would like to keep her at home beside a spinning wheel.

"Anything," he cried, "would be better than what you have chosen! With such a hideous, snorting thing as that how can you expect to come to anything but grief? And, though Murray, the groom, is an excellent—w, at do you call it?—chauffeur, you insist in going about the country alone. You are a modern, Olivia, and I wash my hands of you!"

Yet now, as Olivia was experiencing her first breakdown, she recalled her father's words with a twinge of apprehension, and it was a relief to hear another machine approaching, a relief which turned to consternation when she saw its occupant. Young Willoughby coolly ignored the embarrassment of the situation.

"I beg your pardon," he said pleasantly, "but can I be of some assistance?"

"Thank you," answered Olivia confusely. "It won't move either way, and I can't find out what's the matter with it." Nor could Willoughby when, after twenty minutes' work, he managed to get it from the ditch.

"There doesn't seem to be any help in sight," he observed cheerfully after looking up and down the road. "Will you let me take your motor in tow?"

Olivia hesitated. But what had a family feud to do with a breakdown? "If you will be so good," she murmured, and, gathering her dress about her, she stepped into her own car.

She leaned back with a sign of relief. At least she would not have to talk to him. Then the absurdity of the affair struck her. She realized how she would look whirling through the village streets as if taken captive by Willoughby. Instantly her pride was up in arms. At the edge of the village she called to him, and he slowed down immediately.

"I think," said Olivia, "I would rather you left me here. I'm sure some farmer's team will be passing and take me the rest of the way, and I am most grateful to you for the assistance you have given me."

"It was the greatest pleasure," said Willoughby, and, raising his cap, was gone.

But Olivia was sure that the farmer's team which came to her aid a few moments afterward was of his sending, and, though she told herself it was the uneventfulness of her life that made the afternoon's occurrence seem of so much importance, yet she took pleasure in mentally recalling each incident. Indeed, so much did Willoughby occupy her thoughts that she was scarcely surprised when a few days later, scudding home against a wind that presaged a storm, a turn in the road brought Willoughby into view. He was on his knees in the middle of the road, apparently investigating his gasoline tank.

"The sparkler doesn't connect," he said in answer to her question and quickly accepted her offer of assistance. They started homeward in complete reversal of the parts they had played before. Now it was Olivia's motor that went gallantly ahead, while Willoughby and his car trailed in the rear. They were still some twenty miles from Oakdale, the wind was steadily rising, and a few great drops of rain began to fall.

"Now," thought Olivia as they sped forward, "I have canceled the debt. We are square. There need be no further exchange of courtesies." Yet even as this crossed her mind her motor came to a sudden jarring stop. Both she and Willoughby alighted.

"It's the aspiration pipe," he said, trying to keep note of mirth from his voice. "I'll have to have another try at my carburetor. Perhaps by this time it's changed its mind. There, you see!" and his car began putting with an alacrity which might have awakened Olivia's suspicion, but she had no chance to analyze her emotions.

"It's a good thing my machine is covered," he went on, "for we are going to have a bit of a storm." He snatched up his dust colored coat and held it out for her. "I'm sorry it's so cumbersome," he said, smiling. "though it's at least it's a protection."

Olivia was lost in the folds of it, and the wind whipped her veil out banner-like and she stepped into Willoughby's car. The storm had broken on them, and the rain drove blindingly in their faces. Trees, fields and road seemed blotted out. The rain was still coming down in torrents as the two machines sputtered up the gravel driveway under the Foresters' porte cochere, and Willoughby opened the door for Olivia as if it was an everyday occurrence, though none of his family had set foot within the Forester grounds in a lifetime.

Olivia, disheveled and breathless, stood dripping in the hall, while her father in a passion of resentment listened to the story of her afternoon's adventure. And in the house across the way young Willoughby mused with an unlighted pipe between his lips. "What would she have thought?" he murmured. "If she had known that the breakdown of my billy old motor was nothing but a rust from start to finish? But all's fair in love and motorizing."

But the barriers of the feud were down, and between Olivia and Willoughby acquaintance deepened into intimacy. They took long rides through the country, the two machines whirling along side by side. "I've never had a chauffeur," said Olivia on one of these occasions.

"But you should," Willoughby whimsically protested. "I know of some one who's longing for the place."

"Why, what?" began Olivia and then stopped. The look in Willoughby's eyes was not one of banter.

"I'm not worthy of it," he went on, "but still I dare to ask. And if you say 'yes' I'll do my best to steer straight and well and guard you to the end of the journey. Will you trust me, Olivia?"

"Always," she answered, and from the autumn slope of the hill down which they rode it seemed as if the whole world lay golden before them.

But their dream was destined to end with startling abruptness when Willoughby wrote to her father, for it gave the old gentleman a grim satisfaction to refuse all terms of the conclusion. He cherished the feud because it belonged to the old order of things, and for him custom was not easily uprooted.

To Olivia's many entreaties he made the same obdurate answers. But there was in her a spark of the same unquenchable fire that burned in him, and his determination fanned its embers to a blaze as she went quietly on with her preparations—preparations of which no one knew save Willoughby and Mr. MacWurter, the village justice, who had known Olivia since childhood.

"This is romantically old fashioned enough to suit even your father," declared Willoughby as they sped through the moonlit night on their way to the 8:15 train.

Olivia's answer was a clutch on his arm. "Listen!" she cried. "We're being followed! It's father—in my machine—with Murray, the groom."

Willoughby's chauffeur put on full speed, and the waiting MacWurter was caught up with cyclonic rapidity. The car was still plowing forward at a terrific rate as he jolted out the words of the hurried ceremony. It was a race for love, and the auto won—barely won; they had not reached the village station before the other machine came alongside.

For the first time in many years old Chilton Forester had been completely taken out of himself. The long stretch of road, white in the moonlight, the crisp air of night rushing past him, had filled him with a tremendous exhilaration. He half forgot the lovers in the keenness of this new sensation. His blood felt like wine in his veins. The ivory tint of his face had taken on a glow. His eyes sparkled. To Olivia's startled gaze he looked strangely young. Of the torrent of denunciation that the runaway pair had expected there was none.

"You young fools," said Chilton Forester pleasantly, "you young fools!" And then, leaning toward his son-in-law, he inquired with passionate interest, "What is the make of your machine?"

Thus ended the Forester feud.

Fat as a Lion.

"No," said the lion tamer to Patsy Flannigan; "you can't have a job to look after the animals, but our pet lion died last week, and we've kept the skin, so I'll give you £2 a week to dress up as a lion," says London Tit-Bits.

"Two pounds!" echoed Flannigan. "Good gracious, is there so much gold in the world? Right, sorry."

So Patsy dressed up as the lion and laid down in the cage. The menagerie doors were opened, and the performance commenced. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the keeper, "to show the wonderful docility of these animals, we will now place the lion in the cage with the tiger."

"Man, are ye mad?" said Patsy. "Think of my wife and children!"

"Get in," said the keeper, "or I'll run this pitchfork through you."

Patsy thought he might as well die one way as another, so he crawled into the tiger's cage, and when he saw the animal's big, ferocious eyes fixed on him, he uttered a doleful wail and commenced to pray in Irish. The tiger walked over to him. "What's the matter wid ye?" said he. "Shure, man, ye needn't be afraid. I'm Irish meself!"

Enumerated.

A schoolteacher says this sweeping answer was made by a pupil in a history lesson:

"How many wars," she asked this pupil, "did England fight with Spain?"

"Six," the pupil answered.

"Six?" said the teacher. "Enumerate them, please."

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl.

Mustard.

Mustard used to be eaten whole and dry instead of in a paste made from mustard flour.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Signature
of Chas. H. Fletcher



Popcorn and nuts shorten and cheer many a long winter evening for the children. If you buy your popcorn it is well to sample it before getting a lot on hand.

A German farmer of whom we read the other day follows the old country practice of plowing twice in the fall and claims that he is repaid with an increased yield of five bushels per acre as a result of his pains.

Open gates please the aesthetic eye and are certainly very cheerful with their bright flickers and sparkling sparks at this time of year, although they are not much on heat. The fireplace is still used quite extensively in England for heating purposes.

You have been too busy all summer to think or care about your reading matter for the coming year, but as the evenings lengthen and the rush is over you have more time to yourself. No nicer Christmas gift can be given than a good paper or magazine.

It is not best to stir up the soil on the slopes and hillsides in the fall, as the loosened soil is more readily washed away by the melting snows and the rains. However, whenever it is possible it is advisable to do as much toward lightening the spring work as possible.

The agricultural departments are ever testing our different soils and climate by introducing new fruits, vegetables and fodder plants. The results in most cases are most satisfactory, and we are thus enabled to utilize conditions which otherwise would bring us naught. Many of these plants come from tropical or semitropical climates.

The value of farm lands for the year 1905 was reported as nearly \$23,000,000, an increase over 1900 of something over \$6,000,000,000, the increase alone being equal to nearly half the combined capital of our railroads. This all goes to show that the gross earnings of the farm go to form one of the largest items in our national income.

Dispose of your cream during the cold weather while it is fresh as well as sweet. Because the cream keeps sweet longer we are apt to think it does not need the same careful attention, but that is a mistake. Separator cream keeps sweet much longer than that which is skimmed from the can, but if not carefully covered gets strong and bitter.

It is the easiest thing in the world to find objectionable features in connection with one's occupation and environment. No matter how nice a line of work one may be engaged in or how richly the country may be endowed, it has its drawbacks. It may be selfish, but it is a good thing once in awhile to think how much better off you are than the other fellow.

If any of our readers are planning to have an early bath it is a good idea to put a supply of rich black dirt in the cellar or some other place out of the way of the frost, so that it will be ready for use early next spring. While the weather sometimes permits the getting of a supply out of doors sufficiently early, yet many times it is not so, and an exasperating delay is the result.

Cats, like some people, sometimes outlive their usefulness and become all around nuisances. They run in bad company and quarrel and fight and have not the least spark of ambition or enterprise about them. If they would stop there it wouldn't be so bad, but they take especial delight in destroying the nests and killing the very birds which are the most useful to the farmer. They are not half as eager for the English sparrow.

Experiments carried on by the government show that when meat is cooked in water it loses from 10 to 50 per cent in weight and when roasted from 18 to 37 per cent. When boiled the meat loses practically all of its organic extractives, which constitute or form the basis of its flavor as well as a very large per cent of its nutritive value. But when roasted it retains practically all of its flavor and most of its nutritive value. The latter method of cooking would therefore seem to have much to commend it.

A method that has been found effective in checking damage done by the strawberry leaf roller, a pest that is proving a serious one in many of the strawberry districts, consists in hosing the vines closely as soon as the last of the fruit has been harvested, allowing them to dry for two or three days and then scattering sufficient straw over the bed, so that with the dry vines the bed can be burned over clean. This treatment destroys all eggs and insects and does not damage the bed, as one might be led to think.

THE CHIMNEY.

The careful householder, whether living in town or country, will make a thorough inspection of the flues and chimneys of the house before stoves and furnaces are started full blast for the winter months. The doing of this now and making necessary repairs in the way of entirely new chimneys or a cementing of old ones will prevent the family's being routed out of warm beds by an alarm of fire some night during the next few months when the thermometer is 15 below zero. A serious feature of fires originating in the above manner is that they are as a rule in inaccessible places and get under good headway before they are discovered and water can be got to them. Fix chimneys and save a burn out.

FEEDING TREES.

Some experiments recently conducted at the North Dakota experiment station have had for their object the feeding of poorly nourished young trees which when supplied with a bottle filled at frequent intervals appeared to suck in sustenance at rapid rate. To such an extent was this true that it was found possible to regulate to some extent the growth of young trees by such means, retarding their development or making it more rapid, as might be desired. It seemed to be largely a matter of food supply, the tree under treatment showing a willingness to absorb extra sustenance and to utilize it in the building of plant tissues.

The Truth of It.

Blusters—I dare say I do look mad. I understand Jigley says I'm the worst bluster he ever saw. Wiseman—Oh, that's a gross libel! Blusters—Of course it is. Wiseman—Well, I should say, why, everybody admits you're a pretty good bluster—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

Vinegar.

Horseradish cut in strips helps to preserve the life of vinegar.

Mustard.

Mustard used to be eaten whole and dry instead of in a paste made from mustard flour.

Late Fall.

The fruiting days now down, the times disgusting when we put out heavy flannels on and take 'em off again.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

GOOD TIMES AND FUNKS.
A word of caution may be in place at this time, when a veritable stream of golden wealth is pouring into the laps of millions of landowners in return for an unprecedented yield of almost all kinds of farm and garden products, and there is as a result a justifiable desire to put the money thus made where it will do the most good. The present year without question marks the flood tide of prosperity for our country, and there are none, however high or low in the economic scale, but have shared and will share in its blessings. The question of most interest and vital importance just now is that having to do with the investment of the vast aggregate earnings of the tiller of the soil and the wage earner, for in this more than in any other factor is bound up a perpetuation of the present good times. The very conditions accompanying an era of prosperity contain all the germs necessary to begin financial distrust, panic and ensuing hard times, and it is for this reason wise to take stock of the situation, as it were, with a view to preventing a development of the *sunspots* which all are wont to view.

Good times mean abundant money and low interest rates. Money that is easily got (earned or borrowed) is all too often carelessly invested. By and by the day of reckoning comes, the promises of wildcat promoters and speculators do not materialize and money that was counted on with easy confidence is not forthcoming in the shape of either principal or interest to meet legitimate obligations. The stuff's off and the panic is on, and the great organism of finance and business is seized with a congestive chill that reaches to its farthest extremities. This in a nutshell is the story of the destruction of business faith and confidence and the coming of the panic. The only possible way of averting the cataclysm is for each investor, large or small, to exercise the most painstaking care that the money he invests is put where it will fetch not so much a large as a sure return and in such hands that it can be got back when need arises. If you have surplus money as a result of your own industry and the fertility of the soil, first pay your debts and next put aside an amount sufficient to finance the inevitable rainy day of poor crops or sickness. If you have any left when this is done invest it as near home as possible and only on the recommendation of the most conscientious banker of your acquaintance. Only so can good times be perpetuated and one's financial craft be staunch enough to withstand a possible squall.

A LOCUST GROVE.

An Indiana reader of these notes writes inquiring as to the better method to get a grove of black locust trees started—whether to plant the seeds in the field where he wants the trees to grow or to plant them in rows rather thick and later transplant. Assuming that this variety of tree is sufficiently hardy to stand the winter in our correspondent's locality, which it is not for the territory in which the writer lives, we would say that the latter method would be preferable, in that it enables one to select his trees with reference to size and thriftiness at planting time, resulting in a grove of much more uniform size than could be secured by planting the seeds where it is intended the trees should stand. This practice of transplanting is generally followed in nurseries, and experience has proved it to be most satisfactory.

Double Eggs.

The production of one egg within another is of frequent occurrence, and, though now and then recorded as a curiosity, the so called phenomenon is very easily accounted for. It is invariably caused by overmaturing of the system by feeding. The ovum, or yolk, when mature is received into the upper part of the oviduct, a tube nearly two feet in length in the domestic fowl, and in its descent is clothed successively with the layers of albumen, or white, the lining membrane of the shell, and finally on arriving at the classifying portion of the oviduct is enveloped in a shell itself. Ordinarily the egg is then expelled, but in the

CATCHING THE TARPON.

A Battle Royal Between the Angler and the Monster Fish.

The tarpon is a "top feeder"—that is, he seeks his food near the surface. Those who know him best fish for him with a live mullet, which is not allowed to sink more than two feet below the waves, being sustained by a large "float" or cork. The inner portion of his mouth is bone, and no hook will take secure hold upon it. This being so, it is necessary to allow him partially to swallow the bait, which he will do by the time that he has carried the float whirling along the water for a space of thirty feet. Afterward is the time to swear and pray. The tarpon reel holds 600 feet of line. Not infrequently when he feels the hook the fish will strike the trawl for blue water with a seemingly irresistible rush and keep going. What happens when his 150 pounds of express speed are pitted against the strength of a line that is run out needs not to be told. He simply sails on out to sea, whipping behind him 200 yards of silk, and whether he lives or whether he dies its former owner knows not. He can only go back to port and tell rain tales of the size of the wonder that got away.

But if that splendid rush is deflected, if the fish dives, if the thumb of an old hand be upon the reel. If the man to whom the hand is attached is cool of head and knows enough to give his adversary the butt, a battle royal is on, for verily the combat between a 150 pound man, sound of wind and science, and a 160 pound tarpon, possessed of temper, is a grapple of the gods. The crazed fish time and again leaps three, four, five feet from the water and shakes his head like a dog in his effort to dislodge the hook. A momentary slack of the line is fatal, as with the rapidity of lightning the sharp teeth close upon the strands above the snell and they are severed as if with a knife.

But when the terrific struggles have grown fainter, when the steady, deadly strain of the springing rod has sapped the strength of the gallant foeman, when his lithe, powerful body is brought near to the boat's edge, when the cruel gaff has smitten the life from it and its beautiful length lies along the deck, the conqueror feels half jubilant, half remorseful, wholly respectful of the giant whom his prowess has laid low and confoundedly weary and dry.

He looks at the sun, which seems surprisingly low in the heavens. He looks at his watch and refuses to believe that two hours have passed in that desperate wrestle. But unless he be in thorough training and past master of his art a swollen, aching wrist will tell him for days afterward that in the silver king of the southern seas he was near to meeting his match.

The Sin of Vulgarity.

"Bishop," lightly asked one of a group of young golf players as they came up with an elderly man taking his holes leisurely—"Bishop, when I make a bad drive and express my feelings with a word beginning with a large D, is it a sin?"

"Sin, Olive?" returned the bishop as he poised his stick to play. "Sin? It's surely vulgar."

The girl's proud face flamed, and, turning on her heel, she left her companions to make their own applications of the bishop's inclusive reproof.

One of the saddest things about the too prevalent looseness of modern speech is its growing adoption by the more "bachelor" girls. A young woman recently used an expression that caused her twin brother to turn upon her in amazement and anger.

"I happened to overhear you say that the other day," she replied bravely, though with burning face, and then she quoted Lear's lines:

"Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea—We maids would far, far whiter be If that our eyes might sometimes see Men maids in purity?"

"I shall never offend again," the young fellow replied gravely. "Thank you, Heien. Nor can I ever forget that it was I who forced that word to your lips."—Youth's Companion.

Care of School Children.

Rowland Godfrey Freeman says that an ideal private school should be out of town, but within easy reach of the homes of its patrons. There should be short periods of study, frequent recesses and ample time for a substantial midday meal. The harder work should come during the morning hours, the lighter work in the afternoon hours.

After this the children should play out of doors. The ideal public school should care for the children as many hours a day as are practicable. Outdoor play should precede study. Study hours should be short, with frequent recesses. Nutritious food should be furnished the scholars at noon. In the afternoon the easier subjects, the manual work, and preparation for the next day should occupy the time. There should be opportunity for outdoor exercise under supervision until late afternoon. In every school strict examination should be made for any evidence of contagious diseases. All children with colds and contagious eruptions should be excluded from school.—Medical Record.

A Long Distance Rebuke.

The following "personal" appeared in the New York Sunday newspapers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth avenue car yesterday who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder will send her name and address and \$1.20 to any bookseller she will be spared in future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention here followed the name of the book to avoid error."

Impossible Diagnosis.

"The boy has evidently been eating too much between meals," said the doctor.

"Nonsense!" replied the boy's father. "A boy can't eat in his sleep."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that each of his meals begins when he gets up in the morning and ends when he goes to bed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Lucky Discard.

Cartwright stopped paddling and devoted his waning energies to a prodigious yawn. Then he threw down his paddle, slid onto the floor of the canoe, and stretching out his massive length gazed up into the cloudless blue with profound content.

"I feel as if I could lie here forever, almost," he murmured.

However, sleep did not come as easily as he expected. He suddenly remembered that only two days more were left of his vacation. Besides the usual reluctance to go back to work, Cartwright experienced distinct regret at leaving, accompanied by a sense of loss, a vague of uneasiness for which at first he was at a loss to account. His thoughts gradually revolved around the most distressingly alluring bit of femininity he had ever beheld.

He could see the free swing of her walk, the unruly little ringlets around her neck, and could almost hear the low trill of her laughter. Suddenly he realized why he so hated to return to the city. This discovery had a depressing effect, which soon gave way, however, to pronounced irritation. Cartwright became incensed at himself for showing his emotions to such a serious turn. For from the beginning of their acquaintance he had had a suspicion that she was a confirmed and accomplished flirt.

In the fourteen days at the hotel he had seen almost as many men become her abject slaves, and he had firmly resolved that she would never make a fool of him, even if he had to shorten his vacation to prevent it. With the result that although he had managed to keep away from her immediate presence, he was just as much in the toils.

At length, wearied by these calculations, and lulled by the motion of the canoe, he fell asleep.

How long he slept Cartwright did not know. He was awakened by the calling of his name, accompanied with a slight jar. He sat up and found himself staring straight into the eyes of the girl whom, of all others, he tried most to avoid, but wanted most to see.

"Alisa Sutherland!" he ejaculated, recovering himself a little, and at the same time noticing how bewitchingly her trim sailor became her, "what's the matter?" Then, "what are you doing in a canoe without any paddle?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied, looking at him, but defiantly, half appealingly. "You see, my paddle just slipped away. See, over there it is. And before I knew it my silly old boat came along and almost ran me down."

"I'm very sorry," he apologized lamely. "I guess I must have been asleep."

"Possibly," she murmured, and Cartwright could not tell whether he was being laughed at or not, though she returned his scrutiny with solemnity.

He put his hand back to where he had dropped his paddle, but to his dismay, no paddle met his grasp.

"It must have been knocked overboard when we collided," she said, weakly. "What on earth can we do now?"

He replied by crouching down in his canoe and attempting to propel it by means of his hands in the direction of the truant paddle. Unluckily, his hands and his wild endeavors to keep the boat straight on her course overcame good intentions, and Cartwright was precipitated into the water.

Miss Sutherland, having once heard him complain that swimming was not among his accomplishments, realized the situation to be very grave indeed.

The victim had gone down once and was about to go under again. The girl's face had suddenly become white and drawn. In the few moments that she watched the struggle, the past weeks seemed to flash before her mind. She had seen Cartwright, on the night of his arrival, and how he had seemed to fill her thoughts ever since.

—William B. Keller, Jr., in the Columbia Monthly.

wade to shore, pushing the canoe before him. The wind was with him, but the shore still a good distance away, while the water increased in depth with every step. It soon reached his chin, and the next moment found him desperately clinging to the canoe, unable to find any footing. The wind had risen to a miniature gale, causing the canoe, with its precious burden, to toss about in the most alarming fashion.

The burden, however, refused to be considered as such. Crying out to Cartwright to hold on, she seized a cushion, raised it above her head, and as the wind was growing stronger every minute, the improvised sail successfully performed its office and they began to make progress toward the shore. Things would have gone well had it not been for the dead weight which the canoe tried to drag through the water. With the increasing wind the waves rose higher and higher, and in a short time they were breaking over the frail craft almost continually.

It was still some distance to land, although had Cartwright been a good swimmer, he could have made it with ease. He knew his only safety lay in hanging on to his support. But he also was aware that, if he continued to do so, Miss Sutherland's life would be endangered, as, hampered by the dragging of his body, it was merely a question of moments before her only means of safety would be capsized.

With the thought in his mind that it would be his life or hers he did not hesitate. A silent prayer, a deep breath, and the canoe bounded away, free and buoyant, while Cartwright, exhausted by his previous efforts, gasped, swallowed, gasped again and sank.

When he regained consciousness the picture which presented itself to his astonished vision would have caused a less practical man to believe that he was now beholding the queen of the mermaids. And, indeed, the hallucination would have been very excusable.

For, with her dark hair falling over her shoulders and with every stitch of clothing literally oozing moisture, the girl before him was the personification of a bewitching water nymph.

"Peggy," he whispered, "how did you get here?"

"Same way you did," she answered, half laughing, half crying. "I thought you would never come to."

"But I don't understand," he began.

"Don't try to," she said simply. "I guess Providence did it."

"You don't mean to say you brought me to shore?"

"Of course. I wasn't going to leave you out there, was I?"

"But I'm so heavy, how did you ever—?"

"Well, you know," teasingly, "I can swim a little better than you, and I didn't have so very far to go."

Slowly and painfully he rose and stood regarding her. A new feeling of possession, of ownership thrilled him, and filled him with the joy of living.

"It certainly was a lucky thing for me when you lost your paddle this afternoon," he said at length, "otherwise you wouldn't have been brought to me."

"Oh, there wasn't any luck in that," she remarked demurely. "I didn't lose it. I had been wanting to make you talk to me for a long, long time, so when I saw you sleeping so peacefully out there I just gave a few good strokes in your direction and then threw the paddle away."

And she was exceedingly glad that she could hide her face on his shoulder.

—William B. Keller, Jr., in the Columbia Monthly.

Miss Pole—May Goodly has been recommending her dressmaker very highly to me.

Miss Peppery—Yes, you really should go to her.

Miss Pole—Do you think so?

Miss Peppery—Yes, indeed; she's so clever she can make the very plainest girls look quite nice.—Philadelphia Press.

"Harold," she exclaimed, after she had rested for a moment against his manly breast, "I believe you have heart trouble."

"Calm yourself, darling," he replied:

"I've agreed to help Professor Lightfinger with his eight-of-hand performance to-night. That's a rabbit."

"I wonder now," mused the dog, "what fool thing it is that my master wants me to do with that hoop he is holding out before me. Maybe he wants me to jump through it. I'll do it and see . . . That was it, all right. How little it takes to make a man happy!"—Chicago Record Herald.

George, don't you think it would be just lovely to drift slowly down the stream of life, just living and loving as we floated along?"

"Two slow," replied George. "I'd rather be pulled or pushed."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Boss—Say, what you stoppin' for?

The Foreman—We have utilized all the material, sir. There's nothing left us but patience.

The Boss—Well, utilize that, too.—Cleveland Leader.

"That Trust magnate got into trouble on his tour to the Fiji Islands."

"How?"

"A native chief sent him a wish of stowed octopus, and he took it as a personal insult."—Detroit Free Press.

"After all what is the difference between 'shopgirl' and 'saleslady'?"

"I don't know, but the difference between salesladies are something fierce."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"You say that your friend was utterly prostrated by a mere case of mistaken identity?"

"Miss Sutherland—Peggy," he breathed, "look at me."

She quailed before his intensity.

"Why do you want me to?" she quavered.

"Because then you'll know what made me speak that way."

The man at her side caught his breath at the promise in her voice. He strove to seek its fulfillment in her eyes, but for once she did not dare to meet the gaze of fellow creature.

"Miss Sutherland—Peggy," he breathed, "look at me."

She quailed before his intensity.

"Why do you want me to?" she quavered.

"Because then you'll know what made me speak that way."

She turned her head and slowly raised her eyes to his; and Cartwright, looking long and deep, saw visions crystallize, his greatest desire fulfilled; knew that his dearest dreams were coming true.

The two had become oblivious of their rather precarious position, and would have remained so, but rain was beginning to fall, accompanied by a breeze which was gradually increasing to a strong wind.

Cartwright saw that his paddle and canoe had drifted nearly out of sight and that the only thing to do was to

Wood Paving for Streets.

Wood has long been used for street pavements. Only within the past few years, however, has it been satisfactorily adopted in the cities of the United States. Previous failures, the Government forestry service says, can be traced almost entirely to improper construction or methods of preparation. In most cases round blocks of cedar or other woods were used, without precautions against decay and without adequate foundation for the pavement. The consequence was that as a paving material wood fell into disfavor.

Recent use of rectangular wooden blocks for street pavements has given excellent results. Many engineers believe that these blocks, when properly creosoted and laid on a concrete foundation, make a pavement which possesses high excellence in a greater number of essential qualities than any other now in use. Among these qualities are great smoothness, low traction resistance, minimum noise, and, considering its smoothness, comparatively little slipperiness. Slipperiness has sometimes proved objectionable, but it is not greater for wood than for sheet asphalt, all temperature conditions considered; and wood is much less variable in this particular than is asphalt.

It is probable that no other pavement with equally slight traction resistance will be found less slippery. Wood pavement is also easy to clean and to maintain, and when well laid gives promise of proving more durable than any other except one constructed of the hardest granite.

The cost of creosoted wood pavement is at present comparatively high, averaging about \$3 per square yard, including concrete foundation. In several cities, however, the cost of the pavement has been reduced materially below this figure, and good results have been secured. In Minneapolis, where the city itself lays the pavement, the total cost per yard is approximately \$2.50. To attempt to cheapen the price, however, at the expense of thoroughness of treatment or careful construction is with creosoted wood pavement, particularly dangerous economy. Even at the prevailing price the excellence of this pavement causes many engineers to regard it as the best general-purpose one now in use.

The five cities in which the largest amounts of wood pavements are found are in order, Indianapolis, New York, Minneapolis, Toledo and Boston. Together, these cities have more creosoted wood pavement than all other cities in the United States combined. The total amount of this pavement in use in this country at the end of the year 1895 was about 1,400,000 square yards, equivalent to nearly eighty miles of pavement on a street thirty feet wide.

Two main causes have militated against a wider adoption of the creosoted block pavement. One has been the prejudice which was engendered by the former experience with wood; the other is the rise in price of longleaf or Georgia pine, which is the wood now principally used. The Forest Service is making investigations to find out what woods are most suitable for use in paving, and whether less expensive woods could not be used to supplement the Georgia pine.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:
1. Name and date must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. Queries always give the name of the paper the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:
MISS E. M. MILLIEY,
care Newport Historical Society,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST
HIS
DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES
WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

March 21, 1728, James Lippincott and Richard Brown took inventory of estate of Daniel Wille who had 160 acres in Hunterdon Co., and 200 a. of pine lands adjoining, and 287 acres at Meekewerking.

Mary Roberts was wife of Thomas Eves of the will, and mother of Ann, who married James Lippincott (Restore), and grandmother of Anna Eves, who married Jonathan (James Restore) Lippincott. But the grandfather, Thomas Eves, called Samuel's daughter Anna, "Ann" in his will.

7. Elizabeth, b. March 1690; md. George Shinn, June 1712.

8. Jacob, b. August 1692; md. Mary Burr, (daughter Henry Burr, and wife Elizabeth (Hudson), they had sons Joseph and Abraham Lippincott. Joseph married Rebecca Coate, and Abraham married Rebecca Moore, daughter of Thomas Moore and Sarah Stokes, son of Benjamin Moore and Miriam Ridgeway; Jacob had daughter Mary Lippincott, married Job Moore, brother of Rebecca.

9. Rachel, b. Jan. 1695; md. (1) Zachariah Jess, first of the name in N. J., a witness to will of John Wiles of Chesterfield Township, April 17, 1709, where the name appears as Zachariah Jess, who made his own will Sept. 12, 1721, of Springfield (New Hanover) Burlington Co., N. J. Jess's inventory shows he owned two-thirds of a saw and grist mill at 100 pounds, and 42 acres of land at 25 pounds; will proved Sept. 23, 1724. Wife and children not mentioned by name, but a correspondent gives the name of the wife as Rachel who married in 1729 Francis Dawson (N. J. Archives Vol. 29, page 259). For Restore Lippincott made his will March 16, 1730; proved Dec. 18, 1741; names daughters Rachel Dawson, Abigail Shinn, Rebecca Gaskill, Elizabeth Shinn, and son James, and grandsons Joseph and Restore Lippincott, David Jess and Jonathan Jess. Thus proving this record.

In 1692, Restore Lippincott bought 590 acres in Northampton Township, and in 1698 with John Garwood, Restore bought 2000 acres near Pennington N. J., and he died at Mount Holly, N. J. May 22, 1741 aged 78.

Jan. 10, 1699, Restore Lippincott gave a deed to his eldest son, Samuel Lippincott, both of Northampton Township, N. J. yeoman, for 301 acres, with 8 acres of meadow, adjoining Parker's meadow, the whole bought of Thomas Oliver, Sept. 1692 (N. J. Archives Vol. 21, p. 520).

Sept. 21, 1692, Thomas Oliver of Wellington, N. J. gave a deed to Restore Lippincott and wife Mary, late of Shrewsbury, East Jersey, now of Northampton River, West Jersey, husbandman, for the plantation now occupied by grantees of 570 acres, in Northampton Township, along the two Tenth, adjoining widow Parker and John Woolston. (Ibid. p. 466).

John Woolston was son-in-law of William (1) Cooper of Cooper's Point (Camden), Gloucester Co., N. J., he having married Hannah, daughter of William (1) Cooper, who, Dec. 2, 1695, by Deed of Gift, gave his daughter Hannah and her husband John Woolston, a house in Burlington, N. J., with one half acre belonging to it, and 50 acres in town bounds, also town lot bought of Edward Taylor. (N. J. Archives Vol. 21, p. 471).

Hannah (Cooper) Woolston was sister of Joseph Cooper who married into family of Freedom Lippincott, as seen below.

According to Shrewsbury Friends records, the children of Remembrance and Margaret (Barber, b. 1642) Lippincott, were:

1 & 2. Twins, Joseph and Elizabeth; Joseph died 4; 1671; Elizabeth d. 7; 1671; 1671.

3. Abigail, d. 8; 1671; 1674.

4. Richard, b. 8; 1670; 1675; d. 12; 1676; 1676; md. 1695 Mary (White, daughter of Peter White).

5. Elizabeth, b. 29; 1670; 1677; md. Joseph Parker 7; 2mo; 1699, at house of Remembrance Lippincott, and had Joseph Parker b. 12; 1678; who married Deborah Worthley.

6. Joseph, b. 25; 1; 1680; md. 17; 8; 1701; Elizabeth White, at house of her mother, Mary White.

7. William, b. 17; 10; 1682; d. March 6, 1705, md. Hannah Wilbur. William Lippincott witnessed will of John Leonard, Feb. 28, 1711, whose wife was Elizabeth (Almy, daughter of Christopher and Elizabeth (Cornell) Almy, John Leonard being her second husband; her first having been Lewis Morris, as given by a correspondent, with children John, Henry, Samuel, Christopher, Sarah and Ann Leonard, and step-son Lewis Morris.

July 10, 1723, administrative on estate of Richard Lippincott (No. 4), granted to William Lippincott (his brother No. 7), and John Williams (brother-in-law to Richard Lippincott), of Middletown Co.; Jacob Lippincott, the son and heir of Richard having made over his right to William and John. (Liber A. p. 252).

William Lippincott witnessed marriage of Nathan Tilton, of Middletown 26; 9 mo 1735 and Increase Lippincott of Shrewsbury, N. J., at Friends Meeting House in Shrewsbury. Also witnessed marriage of Richard Fitch-Randolph of Woodbridge to Elizabeth Corlies of Shrewsbury, at house of John Corlies of Shrewsbury, 25; 7; 1735, and signed their marriage certificate with the following persons, after bride and groom, Elizabeth Randolph, John and Noney Corlies, Elizabeth and Nathaniel Fitch-Randolph, William, John, Edward Lippincott, William and Robert Hartshorne, William Brinley, William Brinley Jr., James and John Corlies Jr.

Isaac Haunce, Thomas Hadden, John Shaw, Margaret Hadden, Hugh Hartshorn Jr., Mercy Field.

Remembrance and William Lippincott witnessed will of William Worth of Shrewsbury, made Dec. 10, 1710. He was of Shrewsbury, with wife Jane and children Edward, Winifred, Paschene, Sarah wife of Joseph Lawrence, land in the Passequonocke Indian purchase on the south side of Indian Path.

8. Abigail, b. 17; 9; 1685; md. Peter White, mentioned in will of her father; witnessed marriage of her brother Joseph Lippincott 17; 8; 1701.

9. Sarah, b. 24; 8mo; 1688; d. 2; 8mo; 1706; John (2) Williams, son of John and first wife Elizabeth (Allen, dau. George and Hannah) at house of her father Remembrance Lippincott.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6188. TEFFT.—It seems strange that no one has discovered the Christian name of — Letti, who married Samuel Wilson, also the date of their marriage. He was born 1622, and died about 1682. She was the daughter of John Letti and Mary —. Would like her maiden name, and date of her marriage.—E. R.

6189. POTTER.—Would like maiden name and ancestry of Dorothy, wife of Nathaniel Potter, of Portsmouth, R. I. She was born 1617, died 1696. When were they married?—E. R.

6190. HAWKINS.—Would like maiden name and ancestry of Mary, wife of John Hawkins, of Providence, R. I. He died Mar. 25, 1755, and she died after that date. Would like other dates, and all possible information.—C. W. T.

6191. REYNOLDS.—Who was the wife of William Reynolds, of Providence, R. I., whose son James died in 1700, at Kings Towne, R. I.? James married Deborah —. Would like her maiden name.—H. D.

6192. SPRAGUE.—Would be glad for information concerning the Sprague family of Cranston, R. I. Peter Sprague was born Oct. 1, 1714, died May 4, 1790. Married Hannah —. Would like her maiden name.—S. W. L.

6193. LOOMIS.—Lebbeus Loomis of Richfield, N. J. had:

1. Eliza Loomis, b. May 1, 1794, d. Mar. 18, 1798.

2. Edward Loomis, b. Sept. 20, 1797, d. Oct. 14, 1798.

3. Mary Elizabeth Loomis, b. Oct. 28, 1808, d. Mar. 9, 1814.

4. Eliza Catherine, b. Dec. 10, 1805, d. July 18, 1866.

Alpheus Loomis had:

1. Ira Loomis, b. 1682, md. Martha Prudie, died 1812, Richfield, N. Y. (No issue)

2. Alpha Loomis, b. 1791, md. Eliza Tuckerman, removed to Oswego, N. Y. Would be glad to find issue.

3. Alice Loomis, b. 1798, d. 1816.

4. Maria Loomis, b. Mar. 1809, md. Alanson Fisk, Chenango Co., N. Y.

Thaddeus Loomis had:

1. Lucy Loomis, b. Ap. 7, 1789, md. Samuel Caldwell, May 14, 1809, Richfield. Can any one give list of children?

2. Alice Loomis, b. Jan. 4, 1788, md. Benjamin Rathbun, Dec. 18, 1811, d. Oct. 6, 1871, New York City. Would like issue.—L. M. M.

6195. TOWNSEND.—Would like dates of birth, marriage and death of Solomon Townsend, of Newport, R. I., son of John and Philadelphia (Fiske) Townsend. Would like dates, etc. of above John Townsend and his wife. Solomon had a daughter, Phila Fiske Townsend, born at Newport, Ap. 15, 1812.—A. P.

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6197. YOUNG.—Who were the parents of Mary Young, who married, at Boston, Mass., May 21, 1741, Peleg Chapman, who was captain of Newport, R. I., John Young married — Brittain. Were these the parents of Mary?—B. C.

Passenger Traffic Manager.

In accordance with the plan of organization contemplated for the administration of the various Steamship and Steamboat Lines now owned by Mr. Charles W. Morse and his associates, an announcement is made by Mr. Calvin Austin, President of the various companies, of the appointment of Mr. O. H. Taylor as Passenger Traffic Manager of all of the Lines which comprise those of the Eastern Steamship Co., with Lines between Boston and Eastport, Me., and St. John, N. B.; the Boston and Bangor Line; Boston and Portland; Boston and Kennebec River Line, besides numerous other Lines operated between various points on the coast of Maine. The Metropolitan Steamship Company, or outside all water line between New York and Boston, the Mallory Line between New York and Galveston, Tex., via Key West, Fla., also between New York and Mobile, Ala., and between New York and Brunswick, Ga.; the Clyde Line between New York and Jacksonville, Fla., via Charleston, S. C., between Boston and Jacksonville, Fla., via Charleston, S. C., and Brunswick, Ga., the St. John's River Line in Florida; the Line between New York and Georgetown, S. C., via Wilmington, N. C.; the Line between New York and Philadelphia, as well as the Line between New York and Points on the South Carolina Island; and between Philadelphia and Norfolk via Newport News, Va., also the Peoples Line and Troy Line of Steamers on the Hudson River between New York, Albany and Troy, respectively.

The fleet of steamships and steam-boats engaged in this aggregation of ownership numbers about ninety (90) vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 200,000, and 12,000 miles of ocean and river routes.

This consolidation of ownership is the result of Mr. Morse's ambition, probably inherited from his father, who a few years ago was a steamship owner and operator on the Kennebec River in Maine, this ambition being doubtless emphasized by his unquestioned belief in the future of the American Merchant Marine and the wonderful possibilities for the development of Freight and Passenger Traffic on the Atlantic Seaboard, the purchase of these lines giving Mr. Morse an unbroken line of Steamships from the frontier of Mexico to the British possessions, or from Galveston, Tex., to St. John, N. B.

To the Metropolitan, outside all-water route between New York and Boston will be added, commencing about June 1st of next year (1907), a splendid passenger service, which will afford travel by a through water route between the

People's Line Wharf, Pier 32, North River, foot of Canal Street.

Mr. Taylor has a very broad acquaintance in the Steamship and Railroad world, and has for many years been connected with the various lines operating on Long Island Sound; latterly, as General Passenger Agent of the New England Navigation Co., which operates the Fall River, Providence, New Bedford, Norwich, New Haven and Bridgeport Lines.

THE UNDERSIGNER hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of JAMES E. SPRAGUE, of said New Shoreham, and has signed his petition in said office praying for a divorce from the hand of marriage now existing between Anna L. Dallen and Oscar A. Dallen, now in part to the said Anna L. Dallen unknown; noted therefore given to the said Oscar A. Dallen to appear to be heard in the suit at the Superior Court to be held on the 1st day of December A. D. 1906, and on the first to respond to said petition.

THE PERSONS having a claim against the said Oscar A. Dallen, to present them, and will be notified to present them to make payment to the under-signed, within six months from this date.

JAMES E. SPRAGUE, 2d, Guardian.

10-28-06

THE PERSONS having a claim against the said Oscar A. Dallen, to present them, and will be notified to present them to make payment to the under-signed, within six months from this date.

CHARLES E. HARVRY, Clerk.

11-10-06

THANKSGIVING!

Don't Hide the China

It adds 10 per cent to the beauty of the dining-room, besides the china cabinet always adds so much to the completeness of the furnishings. There's always a corner or a space that seems to be made purposefully for it. Look your dining-room over and you'll see the hole.

CHINA CLOSETS

If it's in sight. If you want the sugar bowl or the butter dish, you've got to look through the glass door of the china closet, and there it is within your grasp—but, if the china closet isn't there, then you have to hunt in the pantry, the closet or the kitchen—
you need a china closet.

Serpentine—this is one of the most graceful closets we've ever shown. The ends and doors are of bent glass, gracefully sweeping in and out from corner to corner. It is of beautifully figured quartered oak, highly polished, and is supported from the floor on French legs with carved claw feet.

Mission—Hexagonal in shape, slatted at top with mirror back, 4 adjustable shelves grooved for different sized plates.

All Mahogany—circular case, very wide, with bent glass ends and front, very deep shelves, and supported on French legs with carved claw feet.

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